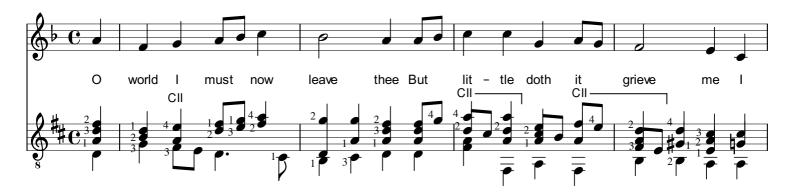
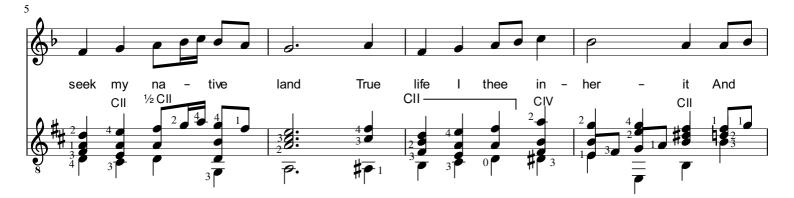
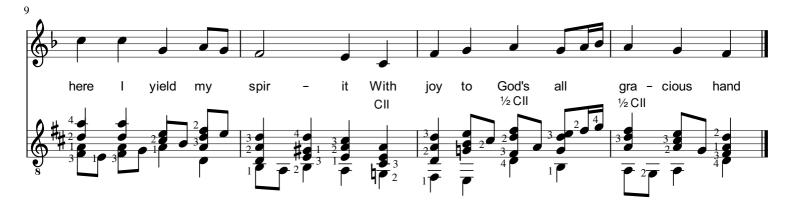
O world I must now leave thee

Capotasto al III







2.So on His Word relying, I know, while I am dying I seen shall see His face, Through Christ whose death hath bought me; The Father's love He brought me, And now prepares for me a place

3. The grave hath lost its terrors, Since for my sins and errors, My Savior did atone: My works can nought avail me, But His work cannot fail me, I rest in faith on Him alone 4.And so I hence am going In peace, full surely knowing That now I shall have rest: I feel death's icy finger; My soul here cannot linger, Nor would I stay to go is best

5.0 world, I yet would teach thee That death will surely reach thee; Thou too must follow me; Then ere God's grace forsake thee, Repent! to Christ betake thee, That God have mercy too on thee